The LEGION of NIGHT™

MARVEL COMICS

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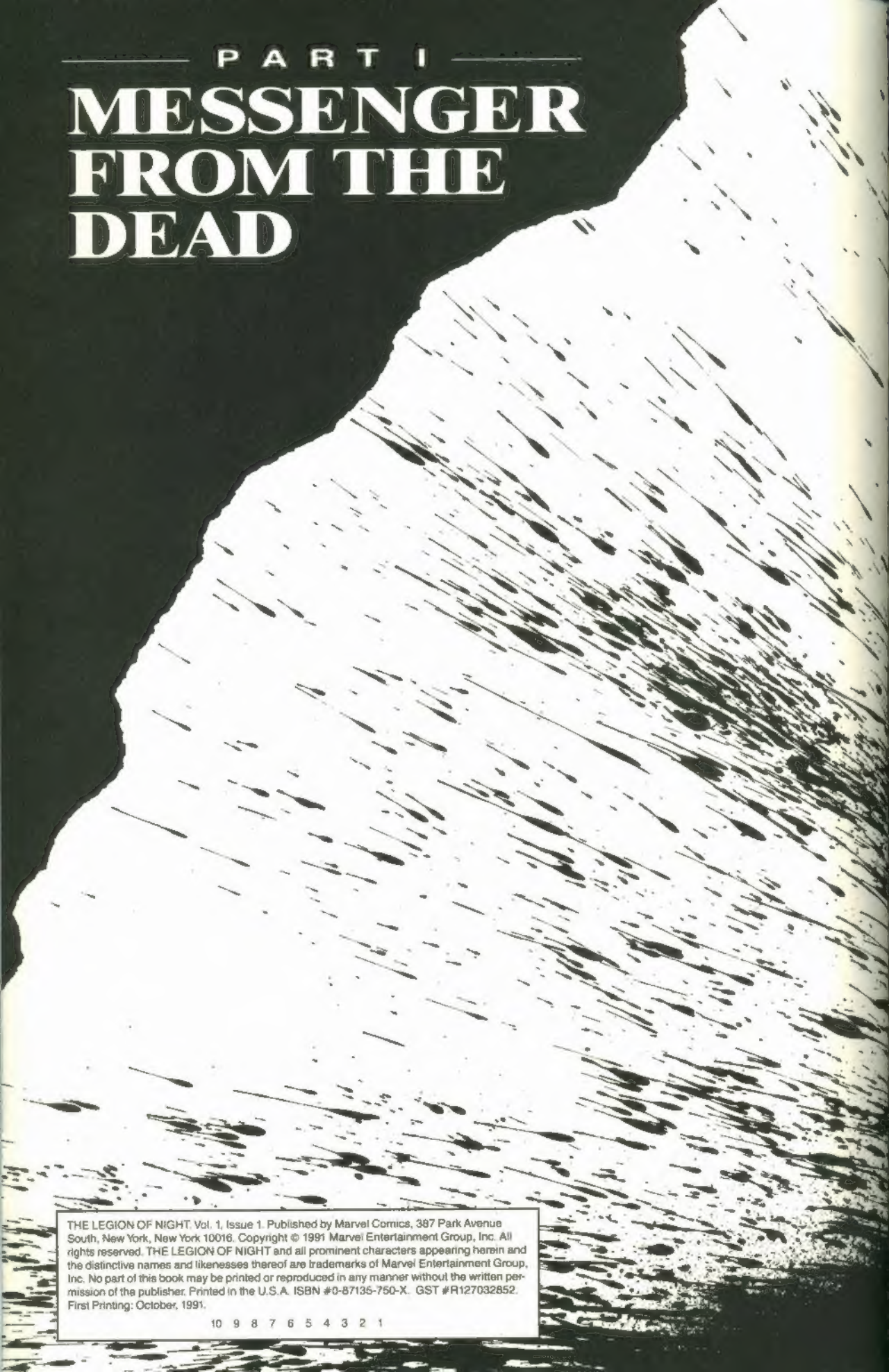

PART I

MESSENGER FROM THE DEAD

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ON ME.
LITTLE BUGS UP MY FLESH, CRAWLING.
SOUND. TEXTURE. VISION.
PAIN, ALL PAIN.
PIERCED BY LIES AND METAL. BLOOD AND TRUTH FLOWING.
TRUTH.
YOU CAN EAT IT, DRINK IT, SMOKE IT, SPEND IT, GET IT CAUGHT IN YOUR THROAT AND CHOKE ON IT.
YOU CAN FALL FOR IT.
HE IS FALLEN.

DR. REYNOLDS? IT'S JUST ME-- MELISSA.
I'VE GOT YOUR MEDICATION.
DON'T WANT IT... GO AWAY... TOO LATE FOR...
YOU JUST NEED TO SLEEP. EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT IF--
NOTHING'S "ALL RIGHT" ANYMORE, YOU LITTLE CRETIN. NO ONE IS SAFE.
THE BOMBS ARE DROPPING.
THE BODIES ARE BURNING... THE BLOOD IS BOILING AWAY...
SHHH.
DON'T SHUSH ME.
IT'S HELL NIGHT!
YOU'LL BE EATEN ALIVE! MAGGOTS IN YOUR MOUTH! TONGUES ON YOUR EYES!
SHUT UP.
MOTHER'S FINE... JUST IRREGULAR...
IT'S...THE ALTERNATOR... 350 SMACK-EROOS...
AND FORGET ABOUT GREG...!
OWW! LET ME GO!
:aakh:
YEAH, YEAH...
JUST SO YOU KNOW...
HE'S... SEEING TRACY... BEHIND YOUR BACK...
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?! HOW DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MY LIFE?!?
HNNH.
TRIVIA... EXPERT...

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA. NEAR THE CAMPUS OF SEAVIEW COLLEGE.
JENNIFER KALE AND BERNARD DRABBLE WATCH THE SUNSET.
...YOU KNOW HOW ROTTEN I AM AT DEALING WITH TOTAL ABSTRACTS.
YOU DON'T HELP ME STUDY FOR THE PHILOSOPHY FINAL, I'M ACADEMIC TOAST.
WHITE OR WHEAT?
DID I EVER MENTION THAT BACK IN FLORIDA I LIVED RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF A SWAMP?
SO? BACK IN BAKERSFIELD, I LIVED RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF A 7-11 PARKING LOT.
I'LL TRY NOT TO HOLD THAT AGAINST YOU.
WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF A SWAMP?
YOU CARRYING SOME STAGNANT-WATER DISEASE I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT...?
NO. SOMETHING ABOUT THE SUNSET BROUGHT IT TO MIND, THAT'S ALL. IT WAS...A STRANGE PLACE TO GROW UP.
DO YOU FIND ME STRANGE, BERNIE--OR TOO ABSTRACT, EVER?
ASIDE FROM YOUR CHOICE OF BOY FRIENDS --NO.
WHY? DO YOU THINK YOU'RE--
:ehhh:
WHAT?
:URRR-EHHGH:
OH, GOD-- OHHH--!

JEN-- WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT CAN I DO?! TELL ME HOW TO HELP--!
PAIN --SUCH PAIN--!
WOUND IN THE WORLD-- FLAMES RISING--
--FALLING.
I WOULD... CATCH YOU...IF I COULD. I CAN'T.
CATCH WHO, JEN? WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO--?!?
ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT... FOR YOUR DEATH.
THAT ALONE WILL BRING US TOGETHER.
WE'VE GOTTA GET YOU TO A DOCTOR, JEN. I'LL--
NO, NO... IT'S ALL RIGHT...THE PAIN IS ...GONE...NOW THAT I KNOW...!
KNOW WHAT?! HAS ANYTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU BEFORE --?
NOT AT THIS TIME OF THE MONTH.
THAT'S NOT FUNNY. YOU SCARED ME SILLY ...!
I KNOW. I'M SORRY.
LET'S GO HOME, OKAY? I WANT TO BE ALONE WITH YOU TONIGHT.
IT COULD BE OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER... FOR A LONG TIME.

CRUEL FATE
JOURNAL OF THE PARANORMAL
NEW YORK.
DAMN... STILL BUSY...!
PROBABLY HAS THE PHONE OFF THE HOO--
OH, CRAP, NOW WHAT'VE I DONE --?!
SHANNON?
SHAAAANON!
WHAT'S THE BLASTED COMMAND TO UNDELETE A LINE?!
ESCAPE, THEN "U" FOR "UNDO."
GOD, YOU ARE SUCH A TECHNO-TWIT.
DID YOU GET AHOLD OF BLACK-WATER YET?
NOTHING BUT BUSY SIGNALS FOR THE PAST HOUR AND A HALF.
LAWYERS DON'T WORK THIS LATE, DO THEY? NOT THE RICH ONES?
HE'S GOT TO BE DODGING MY CALL...!
TOO BAD. WE'LL HAVE TO RUN WITH THE STORY AS-IS.
G'WAN AND MODEM IT TO THE TYPE-SETTERS...!
SADIST, YOU KNOW I CAN'T MAKE THE MODEM WORK WORTH A--
--IT'S RINGING!
HELLO?
CHARLES BLACK-WATER?
MARTIN GOLD FROM CRUEL FATE MAGAZINE.
WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT TO DISCUSS THE CALDER CASE--
--HELLO?
HELLO?
HE HUNG UP ON ME.
WOW. MUST BE A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARAC-TER.
SHANNON ...PLEASE DIE.

UPTOWN.

THE LAW OFFICES OF CHARLES BLACK-WATER.

PIERCED.

BY LIES AND METAL.

PAIN.

ALL PAIN.

BLOOD AND TRUTH FLOWING.

SHOULD HAVE SEEN.

SENSED.

KNOWN.

ACTED.

SOMETHING...

...OTHER THAN DIE.

"IT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION, MR. BLACKWATER."...

SIMPLE, MY FOOT.
YES OR NO? WILL YOU TAKE THE CASE?
I NEED AN HONEST ANSWER FROM YOU FIRST.
IT WON'T AFFECT MY DECISION, BUT I HAVE TO KNOW.
HOW MUCH *TRUTH* IS THERE IN THESE ACCUSATIONS?
NONE.
MR. CALDER...
THE PART ABOUT OUR *RELIGION* IS TRUE.
YOUR "CHURCH," THEN, IS WHAT'S COMMONLY CALLED A *CULT*.
THE *GOVERNMENT* WOULD CALL IT THAT-- AND THE *MEDIA*.
WHAT WOULD *YOU* CALL IT?
THE WORSHIP OF GODS PREDATING THE JUDEO-CHRISTIAN TRADITION--
--AND THE EXERCISE OF *RELIGIOUS FREEDOM*.
AS A BOY, MR. BLACKWATER, I WAS TOLD THAT JEWS HAD *HORNS* ON THEIR HEADS.
AND THE REST OF THE ALLEGATIONS?
KIDNAPING, EXTORTION, FRAUD, DRUG TRAFFICKING, CHILD PORNOGRAPHY?
THE CHARGES AGAINST *US* ARE A CONTEMPORARY VARIATION ON THAT THEME.
I'LL NEED TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR GROUP'S OPERATIONS, ITS FINANCES, AND THE RELIGION ITSELF...
OF COURSE.
I'LL NEED TO VISIT YOUR COMMUNE, SPEAK TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP, SPEAK TO YOUR NEIGHBORS...
YOU'LL HAVE *COMPLETE* ACCESS.
AND I'LL WANT COPIES OF EVERY BOOK AND PAMPHLET YOU'VE EVER PUBLISHED...
...AND OF THE WRITINGS ON WHICH YOUR BELIEFS ARE BASED.
CONSIDER IT DONE.
IN THAT CASE, IF YOU CAN MEET MY RETAINER, I'LL TAKE THE CASE.
WILL TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DO?
LET'S SAY THREE.

MUST BE--YES, OVER A YEAR AGO--FIRST VISIT TO THE COMPOUND--UPSTATE--

THE "BEYOND REASON SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP"--

A SELF-SUFFICIENT, SELF-SUSTAINING COMMUNITY, MR. BLACK-WATER.

BEYOND REASON

WE GROW AND PROCESS MUCH OF OUR OWN FOOD... GENERATE OUR OWN ELECTRICITY...

...PROVIDE HEALTH CARE, CLOTHING, AND SHELTER FOR ALL OUR RESIDENT MEMBERS.

THERE ARE NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS?

OH, YES THOUSANDS. ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY AND OVER-SEAS.

NOT EVERYONE IS PREPARED TO MAKE THE FULL-TIME SPIRITUAL *COMMITMENT* WE ASK OF OUR RESIDENTS

SO WE HAVE A *SUPPORTING* MEMBERSHIP PLAN THAT INCLUDES A NEWSLETTER, AN ANNUAL RETREAT, AND MONTHLY LOCAL *SEMINARS*

WE EVEN OFFER SPIRITUAL *COUNSELING* BY TELE-PHONE OR FAX.

VERY MODERN

THIS IS THE NERVE CENTER OF THE COMPLEX--AND MY PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

AND THIS *OTHER* STUNNING SPECIMEN OF ARCHI-TECTURE IS *HILDRETH*, OUR HIGH-PRIEST-ESS AND COMP-TROLLER.

SHE'LL SHOW YOU THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF THE OPER-ATION.

THIS WAY, MR. BLACK-WATER.

YOUR SECURITY SETUP LOOKS MORE SUITED TO A *MISSILE BASE* THAN A A RELIGIOUS ORDER.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAVE *ENEMIES*, MR. BLACKWATER. IF WE DIDN'T, WE WOULDN'T NEED *YOUR* SERVICES.

THIS IS THE FELLOWSHIP'S NERVE CENTER.
ALL OF OUR TRANSACTIONS--DONATIONS, ORDER FULFILLMENTS, ACCOUNTS PAYABLE AND RECEIVABLE--ARE PROCESSED HERE.
OUR RECORDS, BOTH ELECTRONIC AND HARDCOPY, ARE COMPLETE FROM 1980 FORWARD.
THERE SEEMS TO BE MORE BUSINESS THAN SPIRITUAL ACTIVITY GOING ON HERE...!
THE I.R.S. REQUIRES US TO DOCUMENT OUR ACTIVITIES IN THE MATERIAL WORLD--
--TO SUBSTANTIATE THAT WE ARE A CHURCH.
IF YOU STRAIN, PERHAPS YOU CAN APPRECIATE THE IRONY IN THAT.
NO STRAIN. IT'S SELF-EVIDENT.
A JURY WILL THINK SO, TOO, IF YOU GIVE ME THAT SAME INTENSITY FROM THE WITNESS STAND.
BEFORE I GO, I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE MEMBERS WHOSE RELATIVES JOINED THE SUIT AGAINST YOU ARE THEY HERE?
YOU PLAN TO RECORD THEIR COMMENTS...?
I HOPE THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. AFTER ALL, THEY'LL BE ASKED TO GIVE DEPOSITIONS SOONER OR LATER.
OH--AND I'D PREFER TO SPEAK TO THEM WITH NEITHER YOU NOR CALDER PRESENT.

NATASHA HAYNESWORTH
.. BIG DEAL DETROIT EXECUTIVE TILL THE AUTO INDUSTRY IMPLODED BACK IN '82.
HE GOT CANNED. THEN HE GOT DEPRESSED. THEN HE STARTED TO BEAT ME --BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, AND MORE BLAH STANDARD STORY.
SO I SOLD MY JEWELRY, MY CAR, CASHED IN MY HALF OF THE STOCKS AND BONDS, WITHDREW MY HALF OF THE BANK ACCOUNTS, GAVE IT ALL TO THE FELLOWSHIP--
--AND CAME HERE TO FIND MY SPIRITUAL IDENTITY. WHICH I DID.
I'VE UNLOCKED THE WOMAN WARRIOR INSIDE ME.
PANORO HOROVITZ
.. ESCAPED THE CRASH OF '87, BUT CAME TO VIEW MY LIFE UNTIL THEN AS A WASTE OF SPIRITUAL CAPITAL.
I HAD SPENT MY EXISTENCE IN THE PURSUIT OF STATUS OBJECTS: CAR, HOME, ATTIRE, INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO, WIFE, AND SUPERBABY. I WAS, QUITE SIMPLY, UNADULTERATED YUPPIE SCUM.
NOW I OWN NOTHING AND WANT NOTHING AND AM RICHER FOR IT.
ANDREW GRAYNOLD.
..LOST AFTER SYLVIA DIED. MOVED TO THE BEACH, DATED THE LOCAL BIMBOS, MADE A DAMN FOOL OF MYSELF.
ONE OF THE GALS, THOUGH, GAVE ME A BOOK ON REINCARNATION.
I READ IT DURING A BOUT OF DIARRHEA.
GOT INTERESTED, SOLD MY CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS, AND PLOUGHED THE MONEY INTO THE FELLOWSHIP
I'M A HAPPY OLD GOAT, IT'S MY KIDS WHO'RE TICKED OFF.
THEY EXPECTED TO BE ABLE TO COAST ON AN INHERITANCE. I WENT AND RUINED THEIR PLANS HEH.
THEY MADE GOOD WITNESSES. ALL OF THEM.

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE
...WE HAVE SHOWN THAT AN INDEPENDENT AUDIT OF THE FELLOWSHIP TURNED UP NO IRREGULARITIES.
WE HAVE DEMONSTRATED THAT ITS PRACTICES AND BELIEFS..
...CAN IN NO WAY BE CONSTRUED AS UNLAWFUL...
...AND THAT ALLEGATIONS TO THE CONTRARY ARE, IN FACT, NO MORE THAN MALICIOUS RUMORS...
...SPREAD BY SPITEFUL RELATIVES OF CERTAIN FELLOWSHIP MEMBERS AND ENVIOUS LEADERS OF OTHER, LESS SUCCESSFUL METAPHYSICAL SOCIETIES.
I ASK YOU TO REJECT THE PLAINTIFF'S APPEALS TO YOUR FEARS AND PREJUDICES AND FIND IN FAVOR OF THE DEFENDANT--
--REEVE CALDER.
WE WON.
ALL CIVIL AND CRIMINAL CHARGES WERE DROPPED
...BRILLIANT WORK! I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!
WELL, BRILLIANCE ALWAYS COMES EASIER WHEN THE CLIENT IS INNOCENT.

CALDER LAUGHED, SLAPPED ME ON THE BACK. NOW I KNOW WHY
IF GODS AS WELL AS DEMONS INHAB.T THE UNSEEN WORLD. I PRAY FOR THEIR FORGIVENESS
I HAVE MADE A TRAGIC MISTAKE.

"My preparation for the Calder case entailed considerable research into the group's occult beliefs

"I approached the subject with my customary skepticism, but nonetheless found it fascinating...

KAMUZ BOOKS
HI
"...and continued my reading even after the trial had ended
GREAT-GRANDPA'S GETTIN' IT FOR YOU.
WE TAKE CASH, VISA, AN' MASTER-CARD.
I, UH, THINK YOU'RE MISTAKING ME...
FOR SOMEONE ELSE, LITTLE GIRL.
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN YOUR STORE BEFORE
SHE KNOWS THAT, MISTER
SHE KNOWS MORE THAN ANYBODY OUGHTTA HAVE A RIGHT..!

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, AIN'T IT--?
ATEN DECAN IN THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH TRANS-LATION?
NOW WOULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME HOW THE LITTLE GIRL KNEW I WAS COMING AND WHAT I WAS HUNTING FOR--?
GOT A NAME, Y'KNOW. ARIANN.
AN' YOUR SHADOW CAME IN AN' TOLD ME
MY GOD-- I'D GIVEN UP ON THAT! I DIDN'T THINK ANY COPIES EXISTED!
OH, THERE'RE A FEW-- IT JUST AIN'T WIDELY AVAILABLE IN PAPER-BACK.

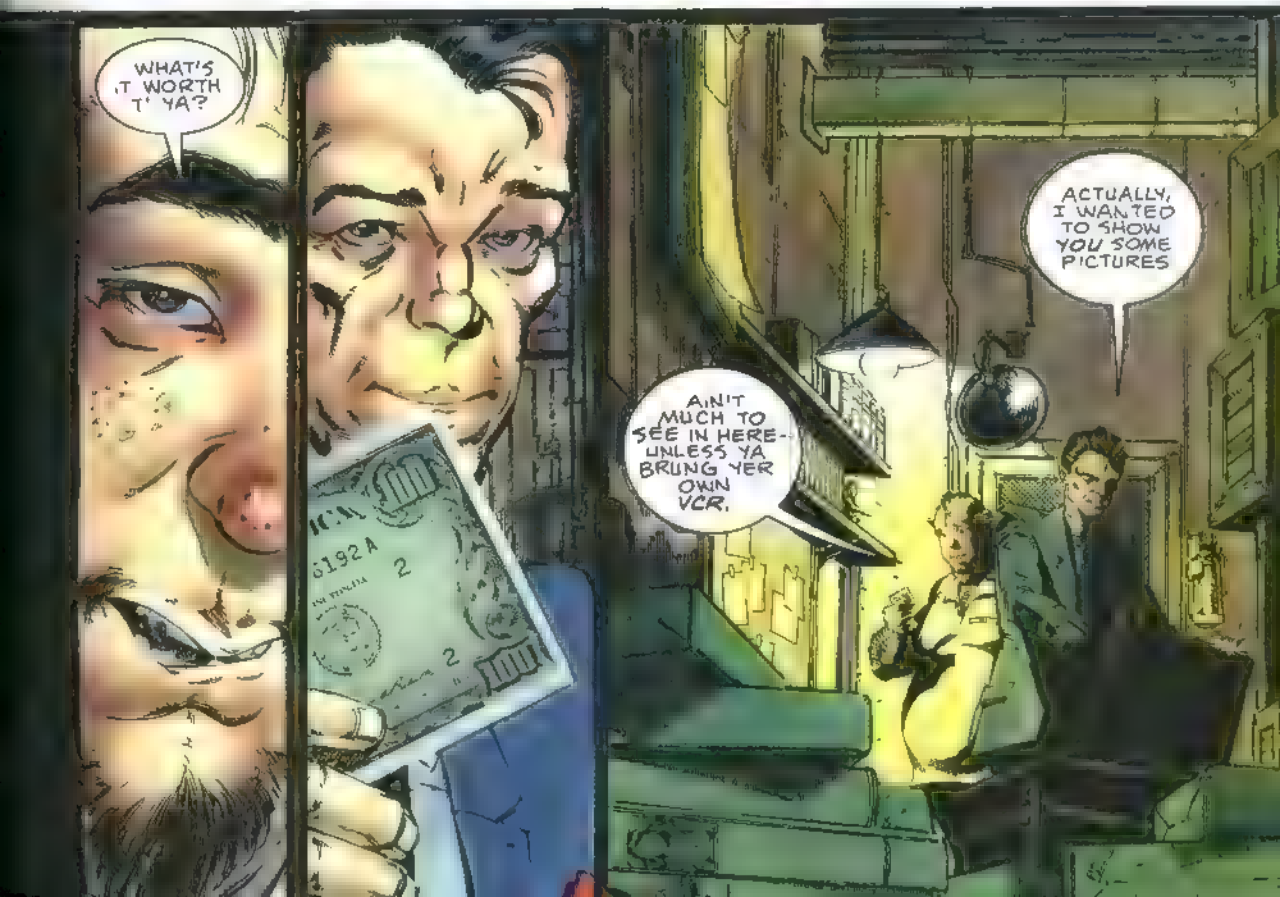
"At home, I spend the rest of the afternoon and early evening poring over the Aten Decan--The Book of the Falling Sun.
"There were references to it in Calder's own writ-ings, but he had never been able to provide me with the text.
"Or so he had claimed
"It offered a virtual blueprint for the kind of operation Calder had been accused of running.

YEAH.
YOU'RE GONNA DIE SOON.
FIRST TIME MY SHADOW EVER ARRIVED ANYPLACE BEFORE I DID.
DID IT HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY?
"There was no hint of emotion in her voice. She might as easily have been reciting multiplication tables.
"I left the store without another word...
"...and sufficiently shaken that I never noticed I was being followed.
"Frankly, the notion of paranoia on my part was preferable to the alternative.
"And equally plausible at that point.
ALLISON...?!
YES, OF COURSE I'M ALONE. WHY...?
Do Ye These Things That Darkness May Fall—
-Glorify indulgence and revile conscience -Scorn magnificence and exalt what is common. -When endeavor fails, plunder. -When inspiration fails, deceive. -Where reason rules, sow confusion. -To the strong proffer nothing. -To the weak, power. -Seduce the children. -Destroy the legions of night, for they are disciples of the moon, and their vision pierces the shadows.
"On the other hand, it could also have been the secret credo of half the corporations I've defended.

OH NOTHING IMPORTANT, YOU'RE JUST FORTY MINUTES LATE FOR OUR DINNER DATE
OH, GOD--ALLISON, I'M SORRY! I COMPLETELY FORGOT--!
CAN WE RESCHEDULE FOR TOMORROW NIGHT? I'M NOT FEELING WELL, AND I'VE GOT A PILE OF RESEARCH TO DO
YOU SOUND UPSET, CHARLES --WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DO YOU WANT ME TO STOP BY?
NO, NO --DON'T WORRY SOMETHING CAME UP UNEXPECTEDLY CONCERNING A CLIENT, THAT'S ALL

BASED ON WHAT I'D READ IN THE ATENDECAN, I FELT I HAD TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES AGAINST CAULDER EVEN MORE FULLY..
...BEGINNING WITH THE MOST DAMNING THAT TOOK ME TO THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT.
SUMMIT DISTRIBUTORS INC.
. NOT OPEN T' THE PUBLIC. SORRY
ALL I'M AFTER IS INFORMATION. NOTHING MORE
WHO YA WORK FOR?
NO ONE. TH.S IS A PERSONAL MATTER.
NO COPS?
NO COPS.
NO SUBPEEN.ES?
NO SUBPOENAS

MM-HM.
MALE OR FEMALE CLIENT?
I HOPE SO.
I'LL CALL YOU LATER AT HOME, OKAY?
"Allison's jealousy was flattering, but it couldn't allay the fear growing within me"
CLICK


WHAT'S IT WORTH T' YA?
AIN'T MUCH TO SEE IN HERE-- UNLESS YA BRUNG YER OWN VCR.
ACTUALLY, I WANTED TO SHOW YOU SOME PICTURES

I JUST NEED TO KNOW IF YOU'VE EVER DONE BUSINESS WITH ANY OF THESE PEOPLE.
HMM.
NOPE.
NOPE.
NOPE.
Y--
NOPE
YUP
THIS GEEZER HERE.
SOLD ME SOME, AH, PORTFOLIOS A WHILE BACK
PHOTOS KID STUFF, IF Y'CATCH MY DRIFT.
DID HE HAPPEN TO MENTION WHERE THE PHOTOS CAME FROM?
YUP. CLAIMED THEY WUZ HIS OWN GRAN'-KIDS.
BUT IF YA BELIEVE THAT...!
"But I did."

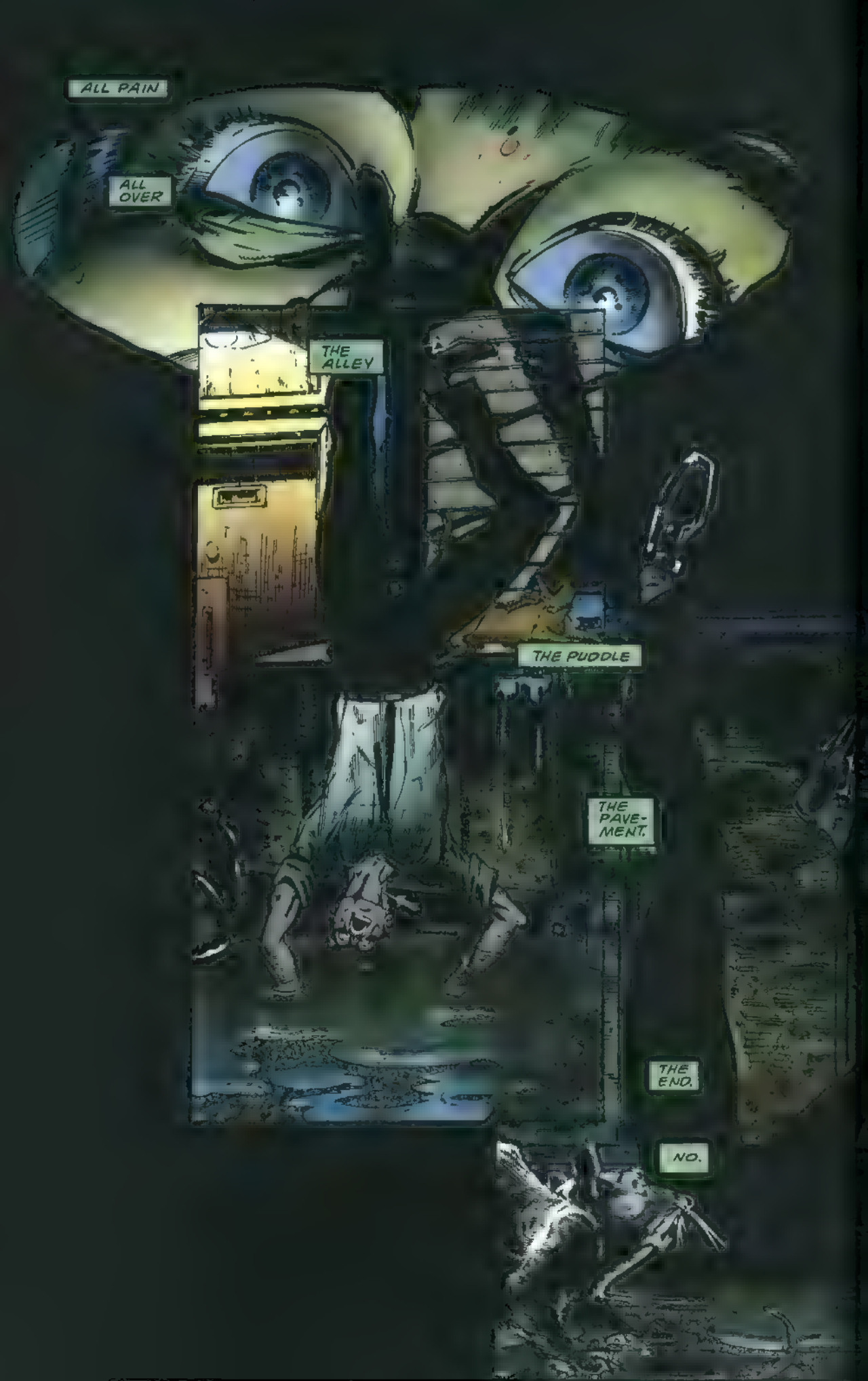
IT WAS THE ALLEGATION GRAYNOLD'S DAUGHTER HAD MADE AGAINST HIM.
BUT THEY NEVER COULD FIND THE PICTURES.
NO PROOF, NO CASE.
WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY DOESN'T MAKE THE ACCUSATION FALSE.
A CLOSER LOOK AT CAULDER'S FINANCIAL RECORDS SHOWED WHERE INCOME FROM SUMMIT DISTRIBUTORS COULD HAVE BEEN HIDDEN...
..AND ONE PAYMENT TO A PRINTER IN VANCOUVER WHO HAPPENS NOT TO BE LISTED IN THE VANCOUVER DIRECTORY
THE "PORTFOLIOS," NO DOUBT.
THE DRUG MONEY, I SUSPECT, WAS RECORDED AS CASH DONATIONS FROM OVERSEAS.
FOR A TAX-EXEMPT ORGANIZATION LIKE CALDER'S, IT WOULD MAKE MORE SENSE TO HIDE THE MONEY IN PLAIN SIGHT THAN TO RISK THE EXPOSURE OF SOME SECRET BANK ACCOUNT.
I AM NOW CONVINCED THAT--OUT OF GREED OR STUPIDITY OR BOTH--I HAVE HELPED SET A MADMAN FREE.

I AM FURTHER CONVINCED THAT THE BASIS OF CALDER'S METAPHYSICS IS ACTUALLY THE ATEN DECAN.
WHILE I REMAIN SKEP--
CHIK
TWEEP
YES?
HELLO?
CHARLES BLACK-WATER?
MARTIN GOLD FROM CRUEL FATE MAGAZINE.
KRASH
WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT TO DISCUSS THE CALDER CASE--
HANG UP THE PHONE.
I HOPE THIS INTRUSION WILL BE BRIEF AND UNCOMPLICATED, CHARLES
I WANT ALL YOUR FILES ON THE BEYOND REASON CASE, INCLUDING THE CASSETTE IN THAT RECORDER ON YOUR DESK.
I ALSO WANT YOUR WORD THAT YOUR PRYING INTO THE FELLOWSHIP'S AFFAIRS IS OVER.
OTHERWISE, YOUR LIFE IS OVER AS OF NOW
ALL RIGHT. STAY CALM.

YOU CAN HAVE THE FILES.
JUST DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH--
--OR STUPID
GET OUT OF HERE OR--

rreeagh
NATASHA.
BLOW HIS HEART OUT.

YOU'RE DEAD, CHARLES.
BAM!
THWIP
hurrrgh
SURE.
FOOM
CHASH
LIES
METAL


ALL PAIN
ALL OVER
THE ALLEY
THE PUDDLE
THE PAVE-MENT.
THE END.
NO.

IN THE NAME OF GOD.

WHERE?

STILL FALLING.

HOW?

WHERE?
HEAVEN?
HELL?
SOMETHING LIKE THIS WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, CHARLES.
SCHENECTADY?
YOU WERE ALWAYS SO FULL OF YOURSELF, SO CONFIDENT YOUR TALENT COULD TAKE YOU ANYWHERE.
WHICH, OF COURSE, IS WHERE YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE--ANYWHERE BUT WHERE YOU CAME FROM.
MOTHER..?
WHERE AM I? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
DIFFERENT PEOPLE CALL IT DIFFERENT NAMES.
THE UNSEEN WORLD, THE ASTRAL PLANE, THE VOID INDIGO, THE SPIRIT REALM I CALL IT THE KITCHEN
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE YOU ASKED TO BE FORGIVEN.
WHAT?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. .NOT THAT I EVER DID
OH, SHUSH AND EAT YOUR PEAS!
PEAS?
MA?
THEY'RE--
MOVING.
MA..!
NOT A PRETTY PICTURE, IS IT, CHARLES?

THERE'S NO RUNNING FROM IT, EITHER. YOU *BRED* IT INSIDE YOU.
IT'S ALL THE PRIDE AND AVARICE THAT LED YOU INTO YOUR HORRID MISTAKE.
PEOPLE CALL IT THEIR "DARK SIDE," BUT IT ISN'T REALLY. IT'S THEIR *SLIMY* SIDE.
ALL THE *REAL* MONSTERS LIVE IN SUNLIGHT. THE TERROR OF THE *NIGHT* IS ITS *BEAUTY*.
IF YOU WANT FORGIVENESS, CHARLES, YOU'LL HAVE TO *EMBRACE* THE NIGHT.

AND KILL THE UGLY THING THAT'S BEEN CRAWLING AROUND YOUR HEART.

IT'S DEAD, MA

BUT ..LOOK AT ME

I'M NOT A.. MAN ANYMORE

NOT EVEN A DEAD MAN, IF THAT'S WHAT I WAS

WAS I?

WHAT HAVE I BECOME? WHO DID THIS TO ME? MOTHER?

MOTHER, LOOK AT M--

THE KITCHEN DOESN'T EXPLAIN ITSELF, CHARLES

YOU HAVE TO CREATE YOUR OWN RECIPE FOR UNDERSTAND-ING..

..AND SEASON TO TASTE

MOTHER --!

WAIT-- DON'T GO--!

PAIN

ALL PAIN.

ALLEY

PAVEMENT

PUDDLE

END

NO

SOMETHING ELSE

SOMETHING

OTHER THAN DYING.

BREAKAGE

SPILLAGE

FRAGMENTATION

RIB INTO LUNG

TEETH INTO TONGUE.

SKULL INTO BRAIN

BRAIN INTO ASPHALT

IS THAT A CAT?!

HOW?

SIGHT? SOUND?

PAIN?

HOW?

MOVING?!?

NO!

CAN'T!!!

AM.

IT'S ME, NOT ME

SOME-THING ELSE

SEEING HEARING MOVING.

HURT-ING

FOR ME.

NO.

AS ME.

ST. LOUIS
SOME HOURS LATER.
AS YOU
OH ME
GOD IS LOVE.
LOVE IS FEEDING.
GOD IS FEEDING
FIN FANG FOOM
NURSE SAYS SHE'S BEEN BABBLING AND SCREECHING ALL NIGHT. CRAZY STUFF ABOUT DEMONS AND MONSTERS--
--AND THAT ONE PHRASE OVER AND OVER AGAIN: "FIN-FANG-FOOM."
SOUNDS CHINESE. DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING?
DON'T KNOW FROM CHINESE, BUT MEDICALLY AND PSYCHOLOGICALLY IT TRANSLATES TO "SNAP, CRACKLE, 'N' POP."
WHICH ACCURATELY DESCRIBES HER CONDITION
WORD OF THIS LEAKS, IT'LL BE AWFULLY EMBARRASSING FOR THE AGENCY
WHAT DO YOU WANT DONE WITH HER?
I HAVEN'T DECIDED I'LL LET YOU KNOW
FIN FANG --HM?
YEAH, I HEAR YOU.
HAILING FREQUENCIES OPEN
COMMENCE CHIT-CHAT

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.
÷zzznogh÷
JENPH--?
NICE IZZZZ--
Hn?
JEN?
UP ALREADY ?
MUST BE...
÷yawwnngh÷
÷nngph÷
÷nnuff÷
HATE GETTIN' UP. hn?
WHAT IZZAT STUFF?
ITSY-BITSY TEENY-WEENY SHINY CHROME ALLOY BIKINI...
JEN ?
SURE HOPE YOU'RE MAKIN' COFFEE..
I--
!

SO MANY YEARS, I HAVEN'T PRACTICED,
...WOULD BE LEAVING EVERYTHING...
.. NO, NOT FEAR.
...NO OTHER WAY?
I UNDER-STAND.
WELL, I DON'T!
WHAT WAS THAT THING?! HOW DID YOU--
JEN?
ARE YOU OKAY? SAY SOME-THING --!
YOU HAVE TO GO NOW

NEW YORK
"WEIRD. I MUST'VE BEEN ON THE PHONE WITH HIM RIGHT BEFORE WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE"
"WHY WERE YOU IN CONTACT WITH BLACKWATER, MR. GOLD?"
DOING AN ARTICLE FOR CRUEL FATE ON THE CALDER CASE
BLACKWATER HAD PROMISED ME A PHONE INTERVIEW --AND SOME NEW INFORMATION.
YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT CASE AND THIS INCIDENT, DETECTIVE --UH?
BOYD. DANIEL BOYD
HELL, I DON'T KNOW WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE WHAT HAPPENED TO WHOM YET.
UNTIL YOU MENTIONED THAT PHONE CALL, I DIDN'T HAVE A REASON TO THINK BLACKWATER HIMSELF WAS INVOLVED.
ASSUMING HE WAS--STILL NO WAY TO SAY ON WHICH END OF THE GUN
JUST HAVE TO HOPE THE LAB CAN FIND SOMETHING USEFUL IN THAT MESS

SO... CRUEL FATE.

ISN'T THAT THAT DOPEY UFO RAG MY MOTHER USED TO GET AT THE CANDY STORE?

WE, AH, COVER UFOS FROM TIME TO TIME, YEAH. I WRITE MOSTLY ON CULTS AND PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, THOUGH

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING-- HOW COME YOU WASTE YOUR *TIME* ON THAT JUNK?

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

I REMEMBER YOUR STUFF FROM THE OLD *EAST VILLAGE ORACLE*.

YOU USED TO DO *SERIOUS* WORK--CITY POLITICS, THE ENVIRONMENT. YOU ARE *THAT* MARTIN GOLD, AREN'T YOU?

UH... YEAH.

I'M JUST AMAZED ANYBODY REMEMBERS THE *ORACLE* AFTER ALL THESE YEARS --LET ALONE MY WORK.

ANYWAY, I HAD A COUPLE OF STRANGE *EXPERIENCES* DURING THAT TIME--

--AND AN UNUSUAL GIRL-FRIEND--

--AND WOUND UP CONVINCED THAT THIS PSYCHIC STUFF WAS *REAL*.

VERY REAL

NO KIDDING?

AND MAYBE MORE *IMPORTANT* THAN MOST PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK.

BEYOND REASON

TWO NIGHTS LATER

"AAN TAANU, SHO TAANU --THE BEAST OF DARKNESS SLEEPS IN LIGHT

"AAN TAANU, SHO'AL TO'VAL-- IN HIS SLEEP, THE BEAST OF DARKNESS DREAMS A WORLD

"I'L AAN TAANU ALADOM, SHO REGA TO'VAL-- WHEN THE BEAST OF DARKNESS WAKES, THE WORLD BECOMES HIS DREAM

"ALL WHO ARE OBEDIENT, ALL WHO ARE FAITHFUL, ALL WHO EXALT THE BEAST OF DARKNESS --COME!"

PRAISE BE TO DARKNESS.

BLESSED BE THE BEAST

MAY OUR ADORATIONS DRAW THE BEAST FROM SLUMBER.

THE AGE OF THE SUN IS ENDING. THE TIME OF SHADOWS SOON SHALL BE UPON US.

ALL ABOUT US, OUR ENEMIES ARE DYING

THOSE WHO HATE US, WHO DERIDE US, WHO LIVE AND LIE IN THE LIGHT OF THE SUN--THEIR BLOOD IS BECOME A FLOOD!

AND THAT TORRENT SHALL NOURISH THE BEAST AND CALL HIM FORTH

WORSHIP THE BEAST WITH YOUR BODIES!

PRAY TO THE BEAST WITH YOUR MINDS AND YOUR HEARTS!

SHAKE THE BEAST AWAKE --THAT HE MAY BRING ON THE FINAL NIGHT!

PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
SAME TIME
POISON GAS WAS PUMPED DOWN THE TUNNELS.
THE ENTRANCE WAS SEALED WITH A SLAB OF STEEL.
THEN FOR DAYS, THE TRUCKS CAME --AND POURED AND POURED -- UNTIL HALF A MILLION TONS OF CONCRETE LAY UPON THE SITE
AND THAT IS THE STORY OF FIN FANG FOOM.
HOW IS IT ONLY RUMORS OF THE INCIDENT EVER REACHED THE WEST?
IN THOSE DAYS, ALMOST THIRTY YEARS AGO, THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC HAD LITTLE CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
FRANKLY, OR CHAN, HAD THE MAN WHO RELEASED THE MONSTER NOT ESCAPED, NO ONE BEYOND OUR BORDERS WOULD HAVE KNOWN.
I SEE.
MAY I INQUIRE AS TO THE NATURE OF YOUR INTEREST IN THE MATTER?
I'M A CULTURAL ANTHROPO-- WHAT--?!
GROUND SHAKING--
EARTH-QUAKE!--

NO--!
AAN TAANU, ASAM ASAM!
NO!
KILL!
LOVE!
DIE!
LOVE!
BEAST!
LOVE!
FIN!
FIN!
DREAM'S COMIN'!
DREAM!
DIE!
DIE!
BEAST!
AAN TAANU RAGAM!
WORLD!
AAN TAANU RAGAM!
AAN TAANU RAGAM!

HRRR

THE MONSTER ARISES! HOW--?!

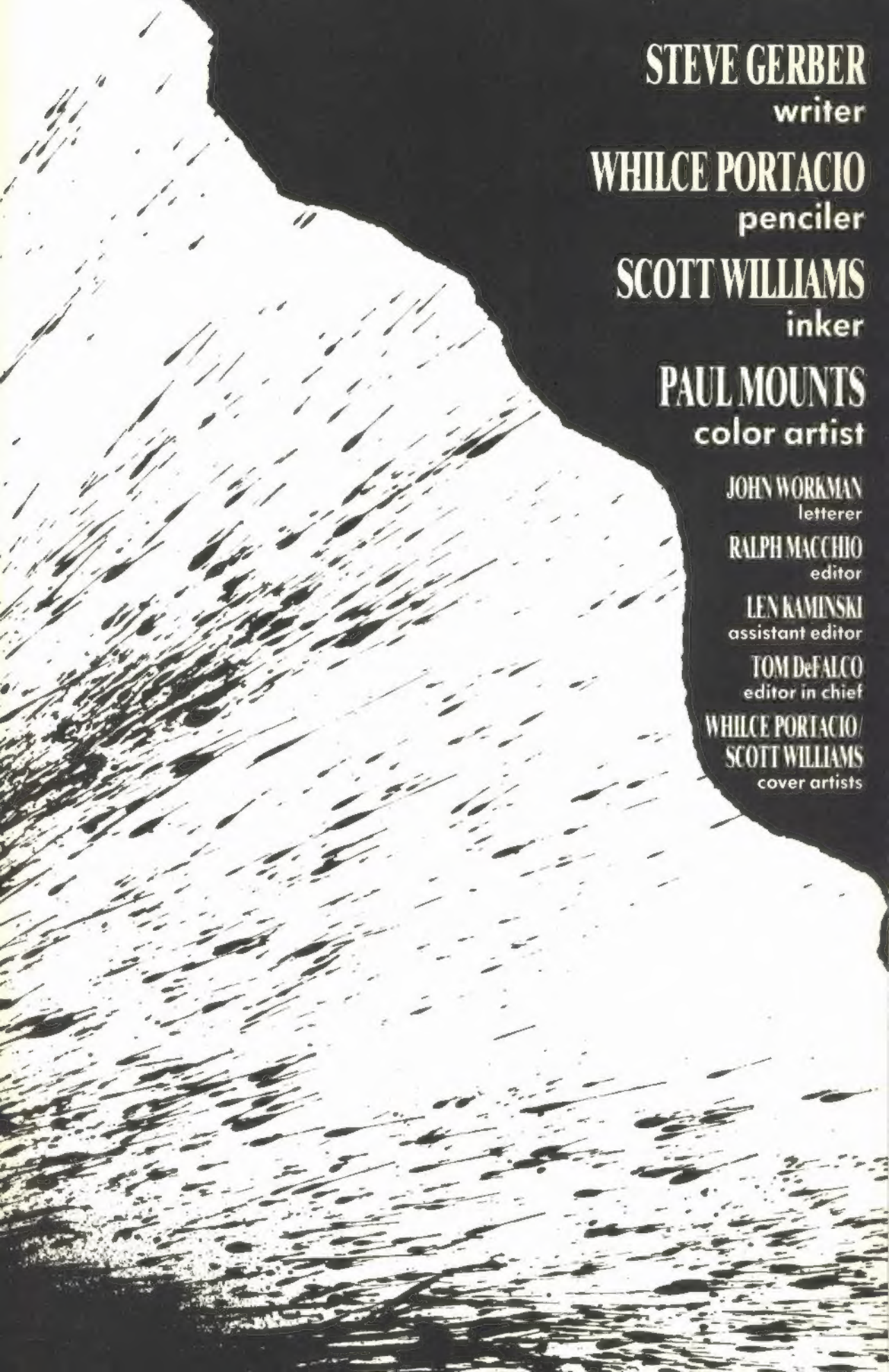
IT'S PART OF A PROPHECY, LIEUTENANT.

A PROPHECY OF WHICH, SADLY, I KNEW NOTHING--

--THIRTY YEARS AGO.

RE

AAN... TAANU.
THE DARK-NESS HAS FALLEN.
THE WORLD IS OVER.
WE NOW EXIST, UH, ONLY IN THE DREAM OF THE BEAST.
REJOICE.
REEVE? IS SOME-THING WRONG?
I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE.
THE MOST PECULIAR EMPTINESS JUST CAME OVER ME...
I WASN'T EXPECTING THE FLAMES TO GO OUT. I WASN'T EXPECTING THE DREAM TO BEGIN.
TONIGHT, YOU MEAN?
I MEAN EVER, IN MY LIFE-TIME.
YOU NEVER BELIEVED --?!
I BELIEVED THE WORDS--
--BUT NOT THAT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE PROPHECIES FULFILLED.
THE OLD REALITY WAS VERY GOOD TO US, HILDRETH.
IT MADE US WEALTHY AND KEPT US IN COMFORT.
OUR PLACE IN THE NEW ONE MAY NOT BE SO SECURE.
...TO BE CONTINUED IN LEGION OF NIGHT PART II IN ONE MONTH.



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Charles Blackwater is dead — and yet he lives! An eerie, supernatural entity known only as Omen has possessed his corpse, using it as a gateway into our world. . .an entrance Omen desperately needs to pursue his unending battle against the evil, arcane forces of the sorcerous Fellowship. But the largest threat of all looms in the form of the immortal dragon — Fin Fang Foom! Omen must wrest control of the dreaded creature from the Fellowship. . . for when the scaly one dreams — the world of Man is doomed!

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